Price 5 Cents. Established 1878

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME XLVII. CHICAGO, MARCH 21, 1901. NUMBER 3

HEALTH AND A DAY

By DR. LEWIS G. JANES, M.A.

Author of "Life as a Fine Art," "A Study of Primitive Christianity," "Evolution o Morals," "Social Ideals and Social Progress," etc., etc.

"Give me health and a day, and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous."—EMERSON.

FROM THE AUTHOR'S "FOREWORD":

"This little book aims at a sane and rational treatment of the problem of health and the conditions of a normal and useful life. It presents no panacea. It prescribes no iron regimen. It proclaims no new and wonderful discovery. Its method is that of suggestion rather than advice. It teaches self-healing and not vicarious help. Its philosophy is based on science and common sense, consecrated by an ideal purpose—the faith that this life is really worth living, and that it is our duty to make the most and the best of it."

CONTENTS: I. The Unity of Life. II. The Temple of the Holy Spirit. III. Cleanliness and Godliness. IV. Health in the Home. V. Food for Body and Mind. VI. Education and Health. VII. Vocation and Avocation. VIII. Aspiration and Inspiration. IX. Travel and the Open Mind. X. The Saving Value of Ideals. XI. The Ministry of Pain. XII. Members of One Body. XIII. Art and Life. XIV. Opportunity.

Cloth, gilt top, 185 pages, $1.00, postpaid.

SPECIAL FOR EASTER.

SONGS OF FAVORITE FLOWERS.

Choice selections from standard authors. A beautiful gift-book. Handsomely bound in silk cloth, rich design in gold, gilt top, antique, hand-cut edges. Special price for Easter, 50 cents.

"The book is very pretty, and the selections are exquisite."—John W. Chadwick.

JAMES H. WEST CO., 79 Milk St., Boston.

CONTENTS.

PAGE.

NOTES 35
The Yielding of the Glacier..... 36
The Significance of Lent..... 36
The Classics of the Spiritual Life.. 36
GOOD POETRY—
Richard Watson Gilder..... 38
The Master Poets..... 38
On the Life Mark of Abraham Lincoln 38
THE PULPIT—
The Art of Human Welfare. THEODORE PARKER 38
The Answer—*Francis Howard Williams* 42
THE STUDY TABLE—
Notes—E. P. POWELL..... 43
Better Work for Sunday School—CLAYTON R. BOWEN..... 43
THE HOME—
Helps to High Living..... 46
Mother's Hymn—*From the German* 46
A Turtle as a Watch Dog..... 46
Honest Living 46
THE FIELD—
At Morn—*G. P. Nettleton*..... 27
Foreign Notes—M. E. H..... 47
Unitarian 47
Western Unitarian Sunday School Society 47

Unity Publishing Company, 3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago.

Easter Cards.

W. C. GANNETT'S

What Will the Violets Be?

LEWIS MORRIS'S

O, Soul of Man, Arise!

Beautifully printed on tinted card board.

COLORS: White, Green, Violet. SIZE: 10½x8½.

Price, 15 Cents.

....For Sale by....

Unity Publishing Company,

3939 Langley Avenue.....Chicago, Illinois.

UNITY

VOLUME XLVII. THURSDAY, MARCH 21, 1901. NUMBER 3

We are indebted to Mr. Rufus Leighton for the sermon of Theodore Parker, "The Art of Human Welfare," which appears in the current issue of UNITY. As already indicated in a previous note, Mr. Leighton writes us, "There is a mass of unprinted sermons still within reach. They constitute a unique and highly educational body of literature too good to be lost."

Distrust of the future results from short views of the past. History is the surest cure for pessimism. The man who looks so intently at present evil or injustice or indifference as to be in danger of losing his mental poise needs to rectify his compass and restore his balance by tracing that particular wrong or duty or neglect, which absorbs his interest, back through the record of a hundred, or a thousand, or five thousand years. He will assuredly discover that, however far we may be from the goal, we are also far from the starting point.

When will parents, educators, preachers, statesmen realize the immense sociological importance of the Sunday school? It is there that the coming generation is being molded more than by any other agency. There ethics, or lack of it; the broad, vital conception of religion, or lack of it; the inspirational view of life, or lack of it, are being gained or lost by the entire youth of the land. Were this once realized these schools would not be suffered to continue the strongholds of tradition, the hotbeds of non-ethical propaganda, the factories of sectarian narrowness, the time-wasting institutions that many now are.

In his recent address before the "Convocation of the University of Chicago on Chinese Civilization," Mr. Wu Ting Fang admitted the advance of America over China in science, electricity, mechanical inventions, rapid transit, trusts and all those things which make for material prosperity. He then asked the pertinent question, "Is all this civilization?" His excellency, the Chinese minister, representative of the older civilization, laid the emphasis where our own Walt Whitman, the prophet of Democracy, did:

A great city is that which has the greatest men and women;
If it be a few ragged huts, it is still the greatest city in the whole world.

Dr. Stanley Hall in a recent address before the Englewood Woman's Club threw a small bomb into the proceedings by declaring that during certain years the child should be largely subject to authority. The child's persistent why? ought to be subordinated to the parents "It is my wish." Right or wrong Dr. Hall runs counter to the present tendency both in home and school to allow the child a large area of choice. Probably the present practice of granting the child large determining power has gone far enough. It is certainly a grave question whether too little authority in home and school does not breed an overbalanced individualism, a general tendency to disregard all forms of authority when manhood or womanhood is reached. Like most important questions this has two sides. It is worthy of careful discussion, however.

It does not seem to be generally appreciated that the wage fund of a nation and its purchasing power bear a constant and inevitable ratio to one another. If capital persists in paying minimum wages it contracts thereby a home market for its products. If we have over-production in this country it is overproduction relative to the purchasing power of the nation, not to its wants. We are now seeking a market in Europe. Selling mowing machines to the farmers in Scotland at a less price than to the farmers of Dakota. Not because every American farmer who wants and needs a mowing machine is supplied. But because the income of many, while not technically wages is actually such to the farmer, is not sufficient to purchase. It is bad economy in the long run to force wages down. The tendency ought to be to force them up. Increasing thus the purchasing power of the nation. Increasing larger home markets, and solving in a large degree the mooted matter of overproduction.

In erecting a $30,000.00 building to be used as a gymnasium and all-around amusement and social rendezvous for the community in the midst of which it is located, Immanuel Baptist Church is taking a long step toward meeting the call of the social order upon the church life of today. The institutional church, with its varied activities, its wide sympathies, its spirit of helpfulness, is a hopeful sign of the times. Not every neighborhood, however, requires the institutional church, strictly so called. But there is no place where man meets man that there is not need of the Community church. As a source from which all high inspirations may go forth, as a place where the homelessness of a great city may in part be relieved, as a center where social activities may be localized and the varied forms of social service focalized, there is need in every locality of just such seven-day churches, equipped with all the requisite apparatus for ministering to and fostering many-sided life.

We read that the cause of the Dutch Republic, the struggle of the Boers in South Africa for freedom, was very near to the heart of Benjamin Harrison. In the delirium of his last brief illness, his speech indicated where his mind was wandering. He deplored the attitude of his own country toward her sister republic in the hour of dire need and heroic struggle. His last printed words show his democracy and that the spirit of Benjamin Harrison, signer of the Declaration of Independence, still burned undimmed in his

descendent. It is the pride and joy of true Americans to remember that the following brief sentences express the last and clearest thought of one, who was once honored with the highest office of the state:

> The moral quality of public acts must be taken account of; greed of territory and thoughts of political paramountcies enforced by the sword must be eliminated.
>
> * * * * * * *
>
> Has not public opinion here been somehow strongly perverted, or put under some unwonted repression? If we have lost either the right to denounce aggression, or the capacity to weep when a republic dies, it is a grievous loss.
>
> * * * * * * *
>
> Let us not be a world power in any save the good old sense —that of a nation capable of protecting in all seas the just rights of its citizens and incapable everywhere of a wanton infringement of the autonomy of other nations.

The excitement over Mrs. Nation and her hatchet will serve a useful purpose if it emphasizes anew the obvious but always neglected truth that the best way to overcome an evil is to replace it. Only that which in some measure meets a social need can gain a tenacious hold upon social life. Supply the saloon's social functions otherwise. Let philanthropy build its coffee-houses in sufficient numbers near the great factories and in all the districts where the saloon especially thrives. Let municipal decency provide those necessary conveniences which foreign cities, as a rule, do provide and American cities, as a rule, do not. Let religion, in the name of humanity, supply the social opportunities which a large class welcomes and a large need demands. Thus isolate the evils of the saloon from its real or alleged good offices. Make it easy for those who now frequent it under plea of these motives to find elsewhere these legitimate satisfactions. In this way demonstrate that it stands upon a depraved appetite simply, and the saloon at once becomes a nuisance—a social menace. It will then be so recognized, and may be dealt with as such and eliminated.

The Yielding of the Glacier.

A great ice cap long covered the larger part of our continent. No flower bloomed, no bird sang, no brook babbled—all was frozen, silent, still. A slight shifting of the poles of the planet and a broader zone faced the sun. Warm winds played over the icy edges of the glacial sheet; the solar beams penetrated more and more into its gelid depths; slowly, like an army overpowered, the ice withdrew, while close upon its retreating flanks streams flowed, vegetation grew, beasts multiplied, man came, and life, love, joy filled what had been the silent desert of death.

For ages the benumbing influences of dogma overlay whole continents of thought and religious life. But the chilling atmosphere of a false conception of God is being replaced by another, and this is creating a different climate. As the one froze all the springs of affection and freedom, so the other is thawing and releasing them till they flow in ever increasing volume of liberty and truth.

Among the slowest of these great Mers de glace to feel the effects of this warmer spiritual breath has been the Presbyterian Church in its various branches. This is because it has been shadowed in large measure from the sun's direct rays by the overhanging shelter of a closely woven thatch of written and authoritative creed. But the south wind of public sentiment has penetrated where the sunlight of free discussion has not been permitted to shine, and the fiat has gone forth that the Westminster Confession is to be revised.

All that this means is by no means apparent at first glance. Its first significance is that the intellectual activities of that large and influential denomination are no longer to be bound, even formally, to a seventeenth century stage of faith, nor its spiritual energies to be represented longer by a dogmatic statement wrought in an age of bitter theological strife and forged by hammers of controversy. The form and substance of this creed were derived from the union of three factors, neither of which retains the same potency or relative importance. Theology in that age was legal, logical, arbitrary; in this it is paternal, democratic, reasonable.

The incongruity of these elements has long been felt. An unsuccessful attempt was made twenty-five years ago, and another ten years ago, to modify the positions and relax the stringency of the "Standards." Every time the question comes to the front, however, it is with renewed energy and broader claims. The changes asked in 1873 would no longer satisfy in 1891.

In the past decade the demands have grown greater still. In the triangular debate between representatives of three of the leading theological seminaries, before an important Presbyterian gathering in New York City last week, reported in full in the Evangelist for March 7, one of the distinguished protagonists stood for denying all request for change, while another with equal earnestness pleaded for entirely new standards, and the third would leave the old untouched but interpreted by a modernized supplement. This is indicative of the unrest and division of mind in the church itself. So widespread was the dissatisfaction that a committee was appointed last May by the General Assembly to take the vote of the Presbyteries on the question whether revision or restatement of the Confession was desired.

That committee has had several meetings, and to it the various portions of the church have presented requests which make it clear that the membership demand some relief from the bondage of the past. What answer the next Assembly will make to this committee's report cannot be foreseen. With the undertaking to fit modern conceptions into the structure of seventeenth century thought, the trouble will only begin. Years must elapse before the waters subside and clear again. Then the faith of that branch of the church will be found to be something quite different from what it has so long been assumed to be. Meantime, since all are deeply affected by climatic influences, we may rejoice at these signs that another great glacier is beginning to yield to the ameliorating tendencies of modern conceptions of God and man and the self-sufficiency of truth.

The Significance of Lent.

According to the church calendar the fifth Sunday in Lent is passed. The forty days of self suppression are fleeting fast. The church called upon its devotees to renounce the indulgences of the banquet hall, to forego the exhilaration of the dance, to tone down the gaiety of the apparel, to shroud the spirit, so to speak, from the distractions of the world that it might the better fix its attention upon the inner realities of life, kindle again its devout affections and bind the spirit with the invisible ropes of prayer and aspiration more firmly to the Infinite.

We will waste no time in exposing the shallow insincerity, the painful inconsistency and the humiliating formality and consequent superficiality that often go with this Lenten show against show. We would rather urge the profound underlying significance of this Lenten fast, and reveal its possible relation not only to the deep experiences of the soul but to the high interest of the individual and the permanent welfare of society. If the mind must needs be tutored in the ways of the world, if the highest achievements of intellect and the success of business are conditioned by a faithful use of secondary helps, why may not the same kind of helps be valuable, aye, necessary to the development of the soul? Mathematics are not mastered by inspiration. Money is not accumulated by spontaneous aspiration and wilful, not to say lawless desires; no less is insight acquired without effort and independent of study. Spiritual vision, like physical vision, is not only a matter of eye but it is a matter of light, it is a matter of the trained eye and the adjusted light. One cannot dance well without instruction, without practice. One cannot sing well without systematic, painstaking and prolonged training. Wisdom of soul comes no more swiftly than does grace of body. Cheerfulness, serenity, trust are conditioned as the voice is. If dancing schools and singing classes are necessary so there must be a place in life for schools of conscience, lessons in the art of loving, academic helps to high living. The prayerful spirit may be taught as proportion and percentage are taught. The Golden Rule and the beatitudes are no more matters of intuition than is the multiplication table or the binomial theorem. Much thought and attention are given to the needs of the stomach and the clothes that drape the body, and this attention is justified by the unanswerable plea that the "stomach must be fed" and the "body must be clothed." Granted. But the heart has its hunger and the soul its nakedness, and the feeding of the one and the clothing of the other are conditioned by the same laws as govern bodily diet and bodily raiment.

It is much higher wisdom, then, to try to discover the inner meaning of Lent, to enter into its real disciplines and profit by its higher economies, than it is to dismiss it with a sneer and defy its call with a joke, an additional banquet, a flippant "On with the dance!"

The Classics of the Spiritual Life.*

Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Living" has a permanent place in that rare and limited list of books that might be characterized as spiritual guide books. It holds its place among the classics of the spiritual life where belong Augustine's "City of God," the "Imitations" by a'Kempis, "The Confessions of a Fair Saint" (being Book VI. in Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister"), Amiel's "Diary," and Emerson's "Oversoul." All these come in the wake of the great Biblical prototypes, the Book of Psalms and the Gospel of John. These are books that never grow old, that are never out of date or out of place. They represent the perennial things in literature because they represent the fundamental things in life. Political issues change, social crises come and go. In the realms of fiction and poetry there are fashions and styles that are promptly outgrown. Many authors awake to sudden glory and pass into prompt oblivion because they represent the issues of the day, the questions of the hour. But the loneliness of soul, the agonies of conscience and the perplexities and weakness of the human soul abide, and whenever genius adequately gifted with insight and the power of expression sets itself to interpreting these realities it makes a lasting contribution to literature, it finds permanent place in the affections of mankind, a perennial niche in the libraries of the world.

With the multiplication of books these rare classics of the higher life become more precious. This little shelf, for it is still a little shelf, of guide books to the spiritual Pilgrim who is pushing his way through temptation and doubt, weakness and error, toward the Delectable mountain, the holy city, where the life of man merges into the life of God, holds its place among the long and groaning shelves of modern libraries. This little shelf of books outweighs all our encyclopædias and gazeteers. The college curriculum that leaves these out leaves its graduates floundering in the dismal darkness of the saddest ignorance, and the soul to whom these are familiar and loving helps is a cultivated soul though he be innocent of the learning of the schools. Only such as know these books in a way to love them are endowed with a doctorate degree in the college of life. They alone are worthy of being called "Doctors"—teachers of men.

No matter how much useful or useless learning may be imparted by our schools and colleges, when a vital knowledge of these books is left out they give to the world uncultivated graduates, men and women unprepared for life. And what vast multitudes of such graduates are foisted upon the world every year in the United States, boys and girls whose minds are more or less burdened with the lore of science and of history but whose souls have shrunk in the acquiring, who know not themselves, are chilly when alone, imbecile in the presence of great temptations and nerveless in the presence of high duties.

There never was a time when these life shaping classics were more needed than today. The signal triumphs of mind over matter which characterize the

* "The Rule of Exercises of Holy Living," by Jeremy Taylor. Two volumes. J. M. Dent & Company, London. $1.00.

time in which we live, the mighty accumulation of outward things made possible by our boasted arts and sciences, the passion for aggregation, the growing civic aspirations and the corporate consciousness all threaten the old fashioned primal emphasis upon soul which marks the true seekers after God in all ages.

We do not deplore these modern aggregations and tendencies. We will not acknowedge an antagonism between this tendency and the saintly life. But in order that the aggregations may represent power, that the civic consciousness may be conscientious, it behooves us to remember more than ever before that the individual soul is the unit of measure and the source of power. Through it alone come peace and triumph to the community, the church and the state as well as to the individual.

For this reason we welcome this one more and delightful edition of Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Living," two exquisite little volumes, so light, so dainty and so cheap that they rejoice the eye, soothe the hands and invite the mind. May they increase the number of those who, with Emerson, will rejoice in him,

"The younger Golden Lips or mines,
Taylor, the Shakspeare of divines."

GOOD POETRY.

This column will for awhile present in the issues of each month the work of one poet, giving the work of the younger men where it is worthy.—Eds.

RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

Born at Bordentown, N. J., Feb. 8, 1844. Studied at Bellevue Seminary in his native town, and served in Landis's Philadelphia Battery during the Confederate invasion of Pennsylvania. Editor-in-chief of *Scribner's Monthly* (afterwards the *Century*); a sincere humanitarian, and a prominent figure in movements for social and political reform.

The Master-Poets.

He, the great World-Musician, at whose stroke
The stars of morning into music broke,
He from whose Being Infinite are caught
All harmonies of light, and sound, and thought—
Once in each age, to keep the world in tune
He strikes a note sublime. Nor late, nor soon,
A godlike soul—music and passion's birth—
Vibrates across the discord of the earth
And sets the world aright.
Oh, these are they
Who on men's hearts with mightiest power can play—
The master-poets of humanity,
From heaven sent down to lift men to the sky.

On the Life-Mask of Abraham Lincoln.

This bronze doth keep the very form and mould
Of our great martyr's face. Yes, this is he:
That brow all wisdom, all benignity;
That human, humorous mouth; those cheeks that hold
Like some harsh landscape all the summer's gold;
That spirit fit for sorrow, as the sea
For storms to beat on; the lone agony
Those silent, patient lips too well foretold.
Yes, this is he who ruled a world of men
As might some prophet of the elder day—
Brooding above the tempest and the fray
With deep-eyed thought and more than mortal ken.
A power was his beyond the touch of art
Or armed strength—his pure and mighty heart.

THE PULPIT.

The Art of Human Welfare.

A SERMON
By THEODORE PARKER.

Preached at the Music Hall, in Boston, June 26, 1853,

A wise man shall be filled wnth blessing, and all that see him shall count him happy."—Ecclesiasticus XXXVII :24.

Every living thing is subject to certain natural conditions; first, to conditions of existence, without which it cannot be; next, to conditions of welfare or happiness, without which it cannot be well. Man, with his higher faculties and more complicated relations, with his deeper and more delightful joys, is subject to more complicated conditions, both for his being at first and his well-being at last. With animals these conditions of being and well-being are seldom matters of thought, and compliance therewith depends not on their will, but on their instinct. So the minnow and the mammoth are not so much artists who create their happiness as instruments which enjoy it after God has got it ready—

"Glad hearts without mistake or blot,
Who do the work and know it not."

Man is above that state of being, and has grown up so far that the good God entrusts to human will the conditions of human being and of well-being to a great degree. Man must make them matters of thought, and compliance therewith must come chiefly of will. But there are many conditions of existence which are accomplished for us with no painstaking of our own. Thus we have our animal life by breathing, by assimilating the food that we eat, by the beating of the heart which circulates the blood throughout the frame. These three things are accomplished with no thought of our own; they are automatic functions, and unconsciously, with no will, these three processes go on continually; the tide of life ebbs and flows in the human heart by the same Providence which controls the rise and fall of the sea. With no forethought of our own do we take hold on the breasts of heaven, and are continually fed by that great mother, who supplies beast, bird and insect, and folds the world by night and day in her gentle arms; sleeping or waking it is still the same, and the dear God affords continued supply to the hugest whale and the tiniest animated dot of life which scars a leaf in June. Thus are these great primordial conditions of being met by God with no thought of our own.

But there are conditions of welfare which are just as important and just as essential to human welfare as breath to being at all, and these latter depend on the consciousness of man and on his conscious will. I have often wondered that men who are so greedy for pleasure and spend so much time in making ready what they reckon the outward means of happiness, getting money, reputation, office, do not look a little deeper and see on what ultimate conditions human welfare might be had, even the highest human welfare. Merchants sending out adventures to Manila or to Nootka Sound, make diligent inquiry as to the things needful for the voyage and the special merchandise which they will venture there. Their success is not all luck; nay, luck is the smallest part of it; it is the result of good sense applied to trade. Send a ship adrift anywhere into the ocean, and with anything that comes handy thrust on board, it does not bring back a good return. A gardener seeking to rear fine fruits and flowers hunts the wide world over to get the fairest and the sweetest; then he

studies the habits of every plant, learning the conditions of its being and its well-being; he fits the sun and the soil thereunto, and rears his magnolia, his Amazonian lily, his peach, his strawberry, his pear, his grape, his plum. Why should not you and I likewise study the means by which the highest human happiness is to be had, be as careful merchants of happiness as of corn and wheat and bricks and hemp, and why should not we plant gardens of delight as well as gardens of daisies and of roses? I have often wondered that men who study many a science do not study the science of human welfare, and that such as love art and would give the world if they had it, to paint Nature as she is, or to sculpture a man as he should be, do not study this, which is the loveliest of the fine arts, the art of constructing human blessedness. If thoughtful men took as much pains with the voyage through time as over the waters to Nootka Sound or to Manila, if they were as careful of this great garden of human life, where man is the plant, as they are of kitchen gardens and flower gardens and nurseries, why, what a happy world we might have of it here, and what a great horticultural exhibition of human blessedness we might heve, not every Saturday, as the gardeners' society, but every day, summer and winter and the year round.

Happiness is that state of consciousness that comes from satisfying those desires that are active. Of course there are, first, various modes of happiness, low and high, according as the faculties which are active are low or high faculties. The mode of happiness will depend on the quality, not on the quantity. A little baby, clean, healthy, well-fed, well cared for, is as happy, I suppose, as a baby can be. All its active desires are met and satisfied, and it is as full of happiness as an acorn shell is full of acorn. But it is a low mode of happiness, though all which that little thing needs or is capable of. Jesus of Nazareth, delivering his Beatitudes to a great multitude who hunger for them as the meadows hunger for sun and dew, the highest man in all the world uttering the highest thoughts, which stole into men as the sunshine into the grass, Michael Angelo out of his thought constructing the dome of St. Peter's, and in imagination hanging it in the air higher than Trajan's Pillar put on Aurelian's top; Miss Dix traveling over the country to better the condition of men in jails and crazy men in hospitals and poorhouses—these represent modes of a high and lofty human happiness, great in its quality.

In the second place, there are various degrees of happiness, these depending on the more or less complete satisfaction of the desire that is active. The degree depends on quantity, not quality. You might compare the degrees of human happiness to the figures in a column which go up from nothing to nine. These figures represent the quantity of a special mode of happiness. The mode of happiness might be illustrated by a table of figures, where there are columns for units, tens, hundreds, thousands, ten of thousands, hundreds of thousands, millions, and so on, the column representing the mode, as the figures the degree, the columns the quality, the figures the quantity thereof; and as 1 in the column of thousands is 991 more than 9 in the column of units, so a very little enjoyment of a high quality is worth a great deal of enjoyment of a low quality. All the mere animal enjoyment of all the babies in Christendom, howsoever healthy, clean, well fed and well cared for, is probably not worth the enjoyment of Jesus delivering his Beatitudes in a single hour, pouring so much of heaven into so many a human heart.

In what I have to say about the means of human happiness, I shall speak of those which are accessible to almost everybody, and which are in great measure within control of the man's will, if he likes. Look now at some of the modes of delight which are within the reach of every man, woman and child, I think, that I speak of today.

First, to begin at the foot, at the right-hand column, the units, there is a certain amount of enjoyment from the normal exercise of all the animal functions and appetites. Every sense is a means of joy, and it was meant to be so, doubtless. The sounds of nature, how pleasing they are—

> "The rustle of a wing, the brook
> That in the leafy month of June
> Unto the listening woods all day
> Singeth its quiet une,"

the winds that are never weary of blowing, summer or winter, the waters that are never still, the clouds which God pastures here in the sky, folds so tenderly and moves so gently over the heavens, the sounds and sights of nature—how charming they are! With what beautiful colors God fringes every morning, then fringes every evening again with the same, even more resplendent beauty! What loveliness in the shape of a tree, a leaf! There is not an ugly leaf in all God's world, not a tree which strikes you as vulgar. What beauty in the form of an acorn, a cone, a spear of grass! What astonishing beauty there is in the color of plants, flowers, stars, clouds, rocks, trees, earth even, whatsoever you will! Perhaps we do not know how much of our welfare depends on the humble satisfaction which we get from our daily bread and our nightly sleep. I never look on cows, oxen, sheep and swine, so delighted with their food, without thinking how good the dear God is who to these humble creatures makes a revelation of such happiness in grass and corn and acorns. Those things are the Isaiahs, Pauls and Jesuses to the cattle lower down than ourselves. To a man with sound senses and healthy appetite his daily bread, if it be bread alone, is a source of delight not to be despised; and the joy of this depends very much on the condition of the eater, much more than on the quality of his meat. As somebody has said, "To a sick appetite," and I will add, to a discontented heart, "the daintiest viands are only horsechestnuts and aloes." So to a healthy appetite, a hungry man with a contented heart, the coarsest bread is a dainty, bringing luxurious delight. I would not despise these things. It took the great God who made the world to fit the mouth to the meat; but I have not yet learned to feel very much respect for men who lay out so largely for the animal delight of eating and drinking, who think so much about what they shall eat and drink and keep up such an everlasting clatter about their dishes, that you sometimes think a man has been preparing to be turned in the next life into a spoon, or come out in the kingdom of God a sirloin, or a ham, or a buffalo's tongue, or a flask of wine, or some sweetmeat in heaven's confectionery. What should you think if told that John the Baptist was always on the watch for a good dinner, that Saint Paul had the nicest lip in all Corinth for Grecian wine and was constantly setting traps to catch a bottle when his own cellar ran dry, or that Jesus of Nazareth was never so pleased as when Martha, who was always over-cumbered with much serving, had got ready for him a delicious supper? We should know it was false and could not be. It is just as possible for a smooth Christian to sell his birthright for a mess of pottage as it was for hairy Esau four or five thousand years ago. I would not chide these

humble joys; I would not cut off the column of units nor the column of fractions outside; I would value every infinitesimal of happiness; but I would remember that these things belong to the lowest column in the table of human happiness, where the highest figure is less than one in the column next above it. I would look at the quality of the thing more than the quantity thereof. So much for this.

Then there is a great delight in a man's daily work. That is the next point. For my part, I confess it, I take great delight in writing, in lecturing, in preaching, in studying the modes of operation of the material forces which make up the world of matter, and the human forces which make up the world of man, and then reporting these things which I get in study to thousands of men who have not the opportunity to learn these same great truths, and I hope I am grateful to Almighty God for affording me, under his providence, the opportunity to get these truths and to communicate them to your hearts, and I reckon it a privilege worth living a hard life for; but I once in my boyhood took a similar delight in my father's farm and shop, tilling the soil, hewing the timber and carving it into various and useful shapes. That suited my boyhood as well as this matches with the maturity of the man; each had its joys. Is there not as much delight in building a house as in building a poem? If each is the best thing which a man can do, it is a very high delight, not a mean mode of happiness. All kinds of natural human work are accompanied with happiness and delight. There is first the joy in the result; the man works for that. Then there is another joy in the process itself; that is what God flings into the bargain which he makes for man. Man did not covenant for that nor expect it; God throws it in. Now, this latter delight is always great in proportion to the greatness of the faculties called into exercise and the completeness of their satisfaction in the work. Men, and especially men in America, have a dim perception of this fact, and hence all men are pressing forward to what they deem the high callings of life. If the carpenter calls out as high a faculty in his building as the poet in his fabling, why, then the carpenter has got as much delight from his daily work as Milton from fabling his Paradise Lost or Shakespeare entrancing the world with his tragic buskin on. Men, I think, do not understand this, and therefore they are striving after those places which put them in a prominent situation, not for the places which demand the most of human duty, and so give the highest human right and the most of human bliss. But without going up so high as this, there is a real delight in working and doing the work well. Honest men take pride in cutting a ditch with skill, good taste and rapidity. I remember when a boy of knowing the man who was the best peat cutter in my native town, and to cut his work with masterly skill and lay it nicely on the ground, fuel for many a winter's day, was a joy to the man toiling in his ditch all day. Men who sweep the streets do it with satisfaction and delight. I heard with great joy the other day of a street sweeper who vied with his fellows, and thanked God that he could sweep around a lamp post better than any of them. Men smile at such things, but they did not smile when Webster thought himself more than a match for Calhoun or Clay. It was the same thing, a love of excellence, and rejoicing in doing any work well, whether it was done with the broom in the street or in the Senate of the nation, with the most massive power of oratory that God ever granted to mortal man. It is a manly delight of the persons who are proud of their trade and love to do its work well; who love to hammer iron smooth and exact, to set razors with a keen edge, to plead causes well in court, to tan leather skilfully and turn it into shoes, to cure diseases with great science, to make shirts neatly and with dispatch, to write poems full of genius, to keep the house well, to make globes, watches, clocks, to manage a home and a child with motherly niceness. Persons who have this delight have taken a great step in human progress and ought to be proud that they have got so far. All labor is educational, and when we come to prize it in this way, we can make it educate not the hand only, but elevate the qualities of the heart and head. If I understand it aright, there are always men who love to do just the kinds of work that need to be done. This man is born to be a lapidary, and takes delight in setting pearls, diamonds, emeralds and the like; that other was meant by God to be a buffalo hunter, the third to cut stone, a fourth to hew down timber trees in the forests all winter long, and drive his herd of logs down the Penobscot in the spring, rejoicing in his flock which he drives before him like a patriarch his sheep to market. There are kinds of work to most men exceedingly distasteful, but there are always men who jump at such places. The calling of a surgeon, how painful to most men! But God has scattered genius so that there are men born for that. Who would wish to stain his hands with the dyer's drugs? But there are men who choose the dyer's calling in preference to all the cleanly trades on earth. The Great Father who spangled heaven with flowers and earth with other starry flowers distributed with the same wisdom the beauty these human faculties, enough faculty for enough work, not a grain more. I do not think that in New England we take all the delight we might in these occupations yet. When we bring a little more intellect to the task we shall. But if a man has a kind of work that does not fit him, or a kind that he has outgrown, then there is small satisfaction in it; it goes against nature, and this fact shows that the man is not in his right place. If the dyer gets into the surgeon's place, or the stone hammerer into the preacher's, or the preacher into the scavenger's, each is out of place, all unhappy, and the function not performed, the functionary not blessed. Another thing which hinders our delight in work is the excess to which it is carried. It is absurd to suppose that a man can take much delight in his work when it is so hardly followed that he has no strength left for anything besides. When it is done as mere task-work he feels himself a slave. The great national pleasure of America is doubtless business; not the doing of the work, however, so much as the getting the result thereof. Hence, we hasten in the process, and are so greedy to reach the end that we lose very much of the satisfaction we might get by the way. The satisfaction of the work done is great; the satisfaction of the work doing in America is small.

Then there is a delight—I say it in connection with this—in intellectual pursuits aside from our daily duty. All nations have this, sometimes in the form of amusement. Mere amusement, I take it, is pleasure for the moment, without regard to ultimate satisfaction. Of amusement we have had very little here in New England. The austere spirit of the Puritan religion forbade it, the serious earnestness of the people stood in its way. The poverty of the nation and our intense acquisitiveness likewise prevented. But now the natural desire for this sort of satisfaction returns, and it is delightful to see some of the normal forms which it begins to assume. Excursions from the city to the country, getting so

common, to neighboring cities, public shows, panoramas, crystal palaces and the like; lectures, which suit the sober taste of New England men—these are the popular forms of American amusement. The fine arts are beginning to be cultivated among us, and it is curious to see what forms the great art of painting assumes at first. The panorama is the popular picture in America. It represents the democracy of painting, as the newspaper represents the democracy of literature, fine arts for the million. Quantity preponderates over quality, and instruction, which suits the sober people, is mixed with delight. It is democratic, calling the people together in a great mass, and it is American because it is didactic, and so profitable. It is the rude beginning of a popular love of painting which one day will dot this blessed land all over with riches like those gathered in kingly palaces at Florence, Dresden, Vienna, Paris and Rome. Then the present culture of music and the attention paid to it in public and private, in schools and families, affords a beautiful means of amusement, cheap portable and never failing.

There are more strictly intellectual delights, the pleasures of literature and science. With us, as the free schools teach all to read and write, as the free press and paper not taxed make books cheap, the luxury of literature is brought within the reach of all who will take a little pains for it. The whole city and its surrounding towns owe great gratitude to the rich and wise and benevolent man who left a large estate with this express function and trust, to gather the highest science, literature and art and distribute to the people in the lectures which bear his honored name. Public and social libraries help the same good work. The cheap newspaper is an auxiliary in the same benevolent army. It helps idealize the man's daily life a little and extend his range of sight and sympathy, to elevate while it pleases. It is literature and science in a panorama. As education becomes deeper and better and higher, as superior education gets spread abroad, this source of happiness will continually become greater and greater and more and more. Not many years ago literature was the luxury of the fewest of the few, and nobody but the clergymen of Europe could read and write. It is not many years since there was no man in England save a tonsured minister—tonsured by art, not by time—who could read his Bible in any speech. Not many years hence what is now the highest attainment of our highest scholars will be within the reach of every farmer and mechanic, every man who will open his hand and manfully grasp and take. In cities such are now the facilities for obtaining books, and the hours of labor have so far lessened, to the greater part of men being only ten in the twenty-four, and to many less, that there is no excuse now for a man shutting himself out from this luxury. Regarded as an amusement, a source of mere pleasure, books are worth all the games ever invented in the world. Who would not know the thoughts of a great man; who would not talk with him? Every idle, lazy, vulgar man from America, who steals over the water, thinks he must visit the greatest-minded man in all England, so that in his rough speech we have got the name of being a nation of "Eighteen millions of bores." Who would not know a great man if he could? But in a great, good book the ablest man has writ the best thoughts on the thing he has studied most, and you know him better there than by looking on his face; and you may have it all for a few shillings. I fear we do not know what a power of immediate pleasure and permanent profit is to be had in a book. A good book—it is a ship of thought, deep-freighted with truth, with beauty, too. It sails the ocean, driven by the winds of heaven, breaking the level sea of life into beauty where it goes, and leaving behind it a sparkling train of loveliness, widening as the ship goes on, and at every green island it touches it scatters its seeds of truth, justice, love and piety to bless the world in ages yet to come.

Then, as a fourth thing, there are the pleasures of affection. These come in many forms—friendship with your intimates, whose love you want and must have, philanthropy to those who need your aid, and the sweet joys of home. These seem to me far beyond the highest mere intellectual delights, and they are within reach of all men. To a mother no book is so delightsome as her child; the charm of friendship towers over science, the joy of love is grander than literature. A few years ago most of the pleasures of New England, apart from politics and business, were found in the still joys of family life. I wonder if we are not just now a little neglecting this source of happiness for the excursion, the lecture, the panorama, the hippodrome perhaps, and if our frequent concerts do not abstract a little from these deeper and soberer joys in the circle of friends and the family. I would not lose either, for we might have both; yet the joys of home, friendship, philanthropy, are the last I would give up. The delight of conversation I think is hardly prized at its full value, the finest of all the common fine arts. Only three things are needed for it. These I will name, mentioning the most important first, namely, good temper, good sense and wit.

Here I ought to notice the happiness which comes form making happy. It appears in many forms. A man who makes a mill spins with a thousand fingers; and so a man who can purposely bless a thousand men tastes the happiness with a thousand mouths; he greatens his quantity of happiness, enriches the quality at the same time. The pursuit of mere pleasure, momentary delight, is always degrading when it is made the object of life; few things are more contemptible. But when a man seeks to bless others he finds good, unsought happiness by the way which had been looked for. The effort to bless is two-fold; it blesses the taker and the giver, too.. The deeper are the faculties which we cultivate, the higher are the joys which they afford.

Religion is the source of the noblest happiness of a mortal man, and piety is

> "The sweetest thing that ever grew
> Beside a human door."

To have the love of God in you, to have an absolute trust in him, an abiding love for the Father, and the tranquillity and the rest for the soul which comes thereof—this far transcends all the joys which I have named and brings the freest and deepest bliss. The writers of mystical books, who had inward religion, from Paul to Isaac Watts, have said in their golden speech what they have felt and known—the serene delights of rest in God, the joy of religious elevation, religious trust, and they told what they knew, as the astronomer what he had read in the outward heaven. In our day intense outward activity, such haste to be rich, such lust for fame, I fear that we neglect this, the better part of that treasure which God has given us. I do not believe that any human happiness is entirely satisfactory without this, and howsoever much I should have in the column of units or of fractions, I should want a larger interger in the column of millions. No one mode of satisfaction can ever take another's place, but this can compensate for the lack of all the

rest to an exceeding great degree. Jesus of Nazareth was poor, he was hated, he was stoned from city to city, and his life sought after as if he were a hill fox or a wolf in the mountains; he was beaten, he was crucified, but who is there who does not know that his welfare was counted not in fractions, but in millions of units?

We hardly understand the vast amount of happiness we are capable of. You see in a garden what good husbandry may do with a little earth, water and sunshine, what vegetables for use, fruit for enjoyment, flowers for beauty, can be obtained. In a house you see what good management, with four brick walls, a small quantity of groceries, a little furniture and a few yards of cloth, can accomplish, how much neatness, order, comfort and delight can be gathered together. And if we rightly husband and rightly housewife our opportunities and means, how much happiness can we raise out of mortal life —that bright consummate flower, that fruit which like manna has the taste of all in it! Our daily work can yield us daily bread, and daily joy beside, and elevate us as we go. Our charities may minister to our delights, and there is a secret alchemy in religion which translates even the torments of pain and bereavement and loss into means for climbing upward, "nearer, my God, to thee."

There is a means of getting happiness from things that you do not legally own, and never harm the man who owns the estate. So

> "Bees work for man, and yet they never bruise
> The frailest flower, but leave it, having done,
> As fair as ever, and as fit to use—
> So both the flower doth stay, the honey run."

It is surprising how many cheap pleasures are scattered all over the world. In the country, trees, grass by the roadside, flowers, the morning song of earliest birds, clouds, winds, the sun and moon and stars throughout the year—all these everybody can enjoy and ask no questions as to ownership. Francis owns that field, John owns the next, and Benjamin the third. Rich and costly estates they are; I could not buy the smallest of them. But I own the music of the birds, the beauty of the trees, the blossoms and all the bravery of the heavens which hang over these three great estates, just as much as if I had the title deed of the universe, and Arcturus and Orion were henchmen and flunkies to wait on me. So it is in the towns. What a great museum of wonder and beauty, what costly houses, what great shops, what wealth in the streets, such gay coaches, such fine horses, nicely moving with such swift beauty, such handsome dresses—the finery of London fair runs down the streets all day long. In the shop windows, what a wilderness of costly sights, the products of the world's loom, educating the eyes they feed! The rich metals in a jeweler's window, the porcelain and glass, the philosophical instruments, the pictures and prints—all these belong to Thomas and Richard and Amos and the rest of the rich men; but I own the beauty of them, and every poorest boy in the street has got a right there. Dives can ride abroad, but Lazarus looks on and enjoys the painted show. The good God suffers nobody to buy up and appropriate the beauty of the town or field.

One of the choicest secrets of happiness is good temper. The ornament of a meek and quiet spirit is worth more than all the crown jewels in the world. Happiness is oftener marred by ill temper than by any other ill fortune. A millionaire of contentment and good temper might laugh at all the millionaires of mere money which the world contains. He enjoys the country and the town, he enjoys his own self, and can enjoy the great God who made all.

The happiest man I have ever known, the man who has the largest figure in each of these various columns which represent the modes of human happiness, is a man far enough from rich, in money, and who will never be very much nearer to it. He lives amongst rich men. His calling fits him, and he likes it, rejoices in its process as much as in its result. He has an active mind, well filled; he reads and he thinks. He tends his garden before sunrise every morning, and then rides sundry miles by rail, does his ten hours work in the town, whence he returns happy and cheerful. With his own smile he catches the earliest smile of the morning, plucks the first rose of the garden, and goes to his work with the little flower in his hand, and a great one hanging out of his heart. He runs over with charity as a cloud with rain, and it is with him as it is with the cloud, what coming from the cloud is rain to the meadows is a rainbow of glories to the cloud that pours it out. The happiness of the affections fills up the good man; he is full of love, connubial, parental, filial, friendly too, and philanthropic beside. His life is a perpetual "trap to catch a sunbeam," and it always springs and takes it in. I know no man who gets more out of life; and the secret of it is that he does his duty to himself, to his brother and to his God. I know rich and learned men, and if there is genius in America I know the men who have that, but a happier man than this I have never seen, among those possessed of genius, money, learning, rank, social position, and all the outward things which art can accumulate.

There is a fortune in a man as well as a fortune out of him, and it is amazing how out of a few little things we can make up a world of most exceeding blessedness and live in it and be delighted. In saying this I cannot but remember that there is one class of men and women in our great towns with whom to speak of happiness seems almost a mockery. The wickedness of the world has shut them out from it; only the grave awaits them. But I know this, that such is the goodness of the Infinite Father, when they lay their wearied limbs down in the grave, having never tasted what I call happiness in this life, the greatest angel of the Almighty must needs reach out his hand and take them to high seats of happiness in the kingdom of God.

Much more would I gladly say, but this only: If the foundation of the human house be duty, then its walls perpendicular and its roof well spanned will shut in and cover delight and blessedness; and while there is amusement and pleasure, transient for the day, there will be happiness and blessedness from year to year, from time to time, from time to eternity, which shall last forevermore.

An Answer.

> I questioned: *Why is evil on the Earth?*
> A sage for answer struck a chord, and lo!
> I found the harmony of little worth
> To teach my soul the truth it longed to know.
>
> He struck again; a saddened music, rife
> With wisdom, in my ear an answer poured:
> *Sin is the jarring semitone of life,—*
> *The needed minor in a perfect chord.*
>
> —*Francis Howard Williams.*

THE STUDY TABLE.

Notes.

James Morton Callahan, Ph. D., has a genius for historical investigation. He lays on the table his new volume, entitled American Relations in the Pacific and the Far East—covering from 1784 to 1900. The volume includes such contents as Pioneers in Trade and Discovery; Occupation of Madison Island; The United States Exploring Expedition under Perry; Colonial Establishments; Americanization of Hawaii; Relations in Samoa; and Occupation of the Philippines. Each of these monographs is a thorough piece of work; not merely declamations. The only criticism that we have to make is that Mr. Callahan not only indorses expansion but imperialism. The volume is invaluable to any one who cares to know our relations to the East, as they have been, or as they probably will be. The book is published by the John Hopkins Press of Baltimore.

* * *

The J. B. Lippincott Co., of Philadelphia, sends to the table another volume, from the pen of Theodore F. Wolfe. The three volumes fit together and make a delightful trilogy of literary rambling. The first two volumes were entitled Literary Shrines; and Literary Haunts and Homes. In fact I am not certain but Mr. Wolfe has done a good deal more work along this same line. The present volume is entitled Literary Rambles. About half the volume is taken up with American authors; the latter half with English authors. Among the rest of the sketches there is a very good one about how Dr. Abbott lives and writes; and his habits of composition. Mr. Stockton comes in for a delightful and well deserved description—which tells us a great deal about his habits and his home. He is one of the most unique characters now at work in American literature. The illustrations are delightfully helpful and beautiful. The book is thoroughly chatty and companionable.

* * *

What would Salem, that burned witches, say to the modern Salem in which the Eulian Publishing Co. exists? We have received from this company a volume, entitled Evolution of Immortality. This book contains a large amount of good things, and good sayings—some of them very good. Such passages as these abound, "Salvation is perfect moral and physical health." "When a man's sins overtake him is the day of judgment for him." "We are in truth what we think and what we love." But that the book is a demonstration of continuity of existence beyond the grave is saying quite too much. It is full of references to the Rosy Cross and is dedicated to the Queen of the Rosy Cross. A well balanced mind will digest this book into a very positive self advantage and evolutionary uplift. I am not quite so sure what would come of it in the mind of our very largely increasing class of emotional dreamers.

* * *

The *Independent* is winning more and more the approval of those who desire a thoroughly just analysis of the current events of the times. If you wish to define this magazine you will haveto call it the incarnation of impartiality. It aims also to bring out the poetic side of American life and character—the ideals which must compete with commercialism. In recent numbers it takes strong grounds against the opening of a new commercial war, under the name of protection. Too much cannot be said and done to put an end to irresponsible meddling with the laws of trade. The blunder of Secretary Gage's attack on Russian sugar will probably work a revolution thoughout the civilized world. E. P. P.

Better Work for Sunday-Schools.*

This book, as its sub-title sets forth, is "an aid to historical study and a condensed commentary on the gospels, for use in advanced Bible classes." Its constructive method is admirable, leading to an original and independent idea of Jesus' life. The gospel story is related to the "secular" history of its time, looked at as a section of the general life of that remarkable first century, not as an isolated episode, which might have come as well at one time as another. All the political and social references are explained, and there is prefixed an admirable summary of the history of Palestine during the last two centuries before Christ. This gives the student the preliminary setting, an essential point too often neglected. Following the plan of study suggested in the preface, a student in college or Bible class would use the volume, making copious reference to the bibliographies given, in the second of three Biblical courses, the first in the Old Testament, the third in the apostolic age. Such a three-fold course would form a valuable feature in any college or secondary school, and would put one in a position really to read his Bible with intelligent appreciation.

We are sorry, however, that the authors have not given more weight to the results of modern critical scholarship, at least to those in which even conservatism has concurred. One is, we think, not to obtain a true or scholarly picture of Jesus' life by taking the fourth gospel as historical data of equal value with the synoptics. And the present-day, unprejudiced student will not be helped by the smooth way in which the miracles are one and all glided over, without suggestion that they form a problem. So with the birth-stories. One using this book will not find answer to his almost inevitable queries—are the wonder-stories of Luke really true? what about the confusion of genealogies? and many others. These things seem to the authors not matters of question at all. The resurrection puzzle is another knot on which the keen knife of criticism might have been used with more satisfactory effect. That is, in general the fundamental problems which meet a frank unbiased reader of the New Testament have been too much ignored, and present-day thought demands meeting these things fairly and squarely. The most conservative classes and students will find the book unusually fitted to their needs. One must commend again the method, particularly the plan of having the student construct his own life of Jesus, writing each section as he studies it. He may the more easily do this, as the more obscure passages are explained and geographical and chronological notes are abundant and full. The book will have great usefulness and will distinctly further the tendency toward more rational methods of Bible study.

Meadville Theological School. CLAYTON R. BOWEN.

* Constructive Studies in the Life of Christ, by Ernest D. Burton and Shailer Mathews. University of Chicago Press.

THE SOCIAL CRITIC.

Dr. Lyman Abbott says that he wishes to see the Bible placed in the public schools once more—not as a book to be read from by the teachers, at random; but as a text book, as Shakespeare, and Addison, and Milton are text books. This will probably sound strangely to undeveloped bigots, who suppose that every liberal is an enemy of the Bible. The fact is the best friends of the Bible are not those who believe it to be authoritative in every passage; or authoritatively preached by every amateur, just out of a theological seminary. The real friend of the Bible recognizes its magnificent literature, and its glorious moral truths, which should be sifted from the erroneous science, the superstition, and the inferior moral teachings.

* * *

Old Yale is bound to run a good race with Harvard, in the way of reforms. These two institutions are able to do a glorious thing for American education. Hereafter, in Yale, there will be no required studies except in the Freshman year. The elective system with proper restrictions, has come to stay —because it ought to stay. But those restrictions must prevent students from an ignorant and inexperienced choice of studies.

* * *

The railroads led the way to the prohibition of drinking habits among their employes. Forty years ago a railroad man was liable to be a frequenter of saloons. Today the least suspicion of indulging in intoxicants secures his discharge. Now follows the decision of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Co., that railroad is too serious a business for cigarette smokers. They are hereafter to be barred out from all employment in the operating department. This is a capital step, and sure to lead to further reform along the same line. Tobacco is today the chief curse of the American people.

* * *

The Critic believes that we are moving straight forward to a political revolution. Whether it will come peacefully, or with civil war, remains to be decided. The legislation of the past winter so closely resembles that of 1800 as to be startling. The Federal party then passed laws to allow the president to deport any foreigner, without trial by jury; and to speak against the government was punishable by fine and imprisonment. This sort of legislation was intended to keep that party in perpetual power. Within four years the people had tumbled it out of power, and elected Thomas Jefferson president. Among the bolder steps of recent legislation, the Michigan legislature has abolished, without hearing, a part of the city government of Detroit; the Pennsylvania legislature has wiped out the city governments of Pittsburg, Scranton, and Allegheny, putting in their places tools of the legislature. In New York the legislature has abolished the old Saxon town election, and practically wiped out the town meeting, in obnoxious counties. In New Jersey the same legislation has been enacted. This is but a sample of what is going on in a dozen of the more important states. It is not only a time for disfranchising negroes, at the South, but white men at the North. Home rule is wiped out; old Anglo-Saxon institutions uprooted; and popular rights destroyed. Meanwhile congress has put in its heavy work in the way of voting the people's hard earned property, on the principle of "tickle me, Tom; I'll tickle you, Lily." Senator Hoar and Senator Allison and Senator Lodge united in warning the representatives and senators that the people would soon find out what was going on. A billion and a half dollar congress!! It will soon be a two billion congress!! Then what?

* * *

The doctors now tell us that the vast increase in the cases of appendicitis are owing to, and are an appendix of the Grippe. But the curious feature of the whole case is, that instead of appendicitis being the result of the use of grapes, or any other fruit, it is said to be specifically a consequence of a free use of fresh meat. So, So! What next? Now we may go back and eat as many grapes as we like, seeds and all. In all the cases of appendicitis, in the Philadelphia hospitals, not one was due to grape seeds, or to the presence of any other fruit in the appendix.

* * *

The *Independent* calls attention to the new Social Apostolate of our socialist friends. It speaks kindly of Prof. Herron; but thinks he has undertaken a heavy job in the overthrow of Christianity. Probably this genial gentleman will find it a still more difficult task to put an end to the competitive social system. However it is just the work of such men which compels those of better judgment to canvass social and religious conditions, and to act. Great changes are ahead; and there are probably good results to be expected from the preaching of the extremists.

* * *

No nobler work can be undertaken at the present time than the preservation of the remnants of our American forests; and the reforestization of those tracts which are now moving slowly toward the condition of deserts, owing to the waste of soil and annual droughts. Every farmer who owns a hundred acres should plant at once ten acres of it to forest trees. This will be a move in the direction of individual economy, as well as national. We are glad to be able to say that there are now over 42,000,000 of acres under reservation and government control in the United States—most of these being more or less wooded.

* * *

A recent French writer tells us the new mission of liberalism is, "To make all people to know that all war, of whatever kind, is hateful; and is the ruin of the conqueror even more than of the conquered." He must give profounder and more unmistakable significance to the idea of internationalism, which should dominate all our political considerations, and tend, each day, to hasten the glad hour of commercial liberty. This is the first step on that glorious road, leading to the complete realization of humanity's best dreams—that all men of good will, in all the earth, may work, without restraint, for the happiness and well-being of the human race."

* * *

A writer in one of the papers has started the question whether Free-thinkers do really think or not. He asserts that free thinking is a sort of shield to cover a maudlin, inane reception of any and all sorts of novel theories, quiddities and oddities, fads and booms—without either thinking through them or undertaking to do it. He has about as little respect for our Societies for Psychical Research as he has for the Theosophists. Here is one of his pictures: "The leader discoursed on almost everything, showing a knowledge of nothing. Yet the foolish Thinker sat, with his mouth open, drinking in the nonsense he couldn't begin to understand. He felt that his condition of mind was the height of free and unrestricted thought." We think we have attended one or two such assemblages.

Higher Living.

V.

It is amidst the perpetual and inextricable combination of the limited with the illimitable, of the definite with the indefinite, in every sphere of human existence, that the free unfolding of man's nature, his liberty of soul, becomes possible; and this, according to Gods' will as well as according to man's own inner God-given law; and, in harmony with the general unity of living nature. *Froebel.*

Use all your powers: that is all the obedience which the universe exacts. *William James.*

* * *

Fundamental to all vital energy is the disposition of every living structure, from the single cell to the most complete organism, to perpetuate itself in kind through an unending series of succeeding generations. Next to that of securing requisite food, this may be considered as the most essential and dominant of the vital instincts. In the sweeping tides humanity is often constrained to dare all and to renounce everything in order that this perpetuating characteristic of the great Selective Energy may experience its opportunity for realization, in the unbroken line of its own chosen individualities. So absolute is its demand, so imperative its necessity, that often, in spite of every convention and rational consideration, progeny is projected upon an environment in which every form of dire struggle must be met, no matter at what cost of danger, distress, or failure. On the contrary, all such instinctive realization is often thoroughly in accordance with certain favorable conditions; and the result is that which may be rightly approved by all. In any case, this instinct is indeed basil, in that it carries with it all the potentialities as well as actualities of life itself.

* * *

Incident to the marked predominance of this instinct is the concomitant realization of the most nearly absolute joy of living. Every impulse parentward is normally fraught with anticipatory happiness, so keen and unique that, in many instances, attention is liable to be monopolized by it to an extent and with a persistence which are seldom if ever equaled in other experiences. Moreover, everything in heaven and earth—all the idealizing of poetry and fiction; much of the speculation of philosophy; all the hopes and fears of religion; the frequently repeated suggestions of both the household and neighborhood; many and repeated scientific hints—all seem to conspire to awaken interest in, and to keep attention fixed upon, these experiences and their fruition. Surely there must be a deep meaning in all this, one that is as high and as pure and as constructive as is the determination with which it seeks to be realized.

* * *

If this be so, how important that, during all the stages of preparental formation, right notions and aspirations and practices shall undeviatingly prevail; likewise, that the determining influence of all the tensions, irritabilities, depressions, elations, confidences, antipathies and attractions, incident to this period, shall be as thoroughly estimated and heeded as possible; in fact, that everything appertaining shall always be so subjected to constructive ideals, that emotional wholesomeness, glad seriousness, divine responsibility shall be readily invoked to dominate over every possibility of selfish gratification, mawkish lewdness or reckless chance-taking, whatsoever. Indeed, every study of this instinct and its associated experiences shows that prospective parents owe it to themselves, as well as to their children, that this vital-most realization be kept as holy as is the biological immortality which is so suggestive and prophetic.

To this end, then, let the knowledge that certain pre-parental habits of feeling, thought and conduct will help or hinder prospective progeny, most religiously prevail. Thus, if the expected child is really desired; if its little life is held as a bit of heaven descended upon earth, if its natural and conventional necessities are all regarded as welcome awakeners of choice privilege, and enviable realization, and high responsibility, then, surely, will the reaction of all this upon the growing product, be with an ever-increasing influence for good. If again, all the personal reactions to the multitudinous suggestions of daily life, be direct and buoyant and optimistic; if in fact the whole pre-parental life be steeped in hope and contentment and trust; then, assuredly, may there be expected a corresponding sequence, in more or less obvious measure. So, too, if there prevail constant efforts to be brave and appreciative of the high calling to which parents are called and especially if, from hour to hour, there be effected successive increments of self-realization along lines which definitely require the employment of one's best energies; nothing whatever can entirely hinder this from becoming a part of the final endowment with which progeny may be fashioned. Finally, if there be an earnest endeavor to find and realize in their own souls, all the deeper harmonies of nature, those that are derivable from, not only the mighty harmonies of Absolute Being, but as well, from the spiritual sweetnesses of human devotion, of prayer, and of a holy life within, it may be confidently trusted that the prospective life will thus be made more harmonious, and likewise constrained to live on a correspondingly higher plane of individual and racial progress.

* * *

Certainly let the assurance prevail, then, that underlying all the pre-parental life, there should be the idea that everything unused atrophies; everything wrongly used distorts; everything rightly used becomes an evidence of things, which, if not now seen, are yet always to be unfailingly and proportionately realized, in due season. Not, however, that even the most intelligent and devoted endeavor of any one generation may be able to fully obviate or mitigate the untoward work of all the preceding ones; but that such holy endeavor is the first rightly practical step toward an ultimate happy result; and, likewise, is capable of setting the pace by which certain much needed normal pre-dispositions may be established.

Israel's happy, devoted expectancy did not pre-dispose to its long expected king, but it did realize itself in the comely form, the comprehensive mind, and the spiritualized energy of the Son of Man.

SMITH BAKER, M. D.

Such an ordeal is it for us to reveal what we really are to those who have known us longest and have never discovered us.

* * *

Tragical suffering is the privilege of deep natures.
—*James Lane Allen.*

"NO BEGINNING,"

The Identity of God with Nature

DEMONSTRATED.

"One of the greatest masterpieces along its line ever written... Causes the veil of orthodox superstition to rend from top to bottom."—Rev. P. M. Harmon, D.D.

"The argument is unanswerable."—Arena, Boston.

"Strikingly bold and original."—Chicago Chronicle.

"Strongest book on earth."—Cor. N. Y. Truth Seeker.

The only book of its kind in existence. Answer it who can. Neat cloth binding. 183 pages, two striking illustrations, 75 cents, postpaid.

W. H. MAPLE & CO., 164 La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

THE HOME.

Helps to High Living.

SUN. The divine spark within us costs so much, and is worth so much, may we cherish and fan it, more and more, into a living flame.

MON. Who with any touch of feeling could endure a world without sympathy?

TUES. Thought means ambition, growth, an ideal whose leadership never ends, in whose footsteps it is ours to follow.

WED. What we are in ourselves, that we are sure of.

THURS. At the fountain of tears, not less than at the fountain of smiles, we find that which feeds and nourishes the worship of the ideal.

FRI. Out of the increasing sense of the continuity of human history grows a sense of the relation of cause and effect in human society.

SAT. Out of an impenetrable past man has come, in a boundless present he lives, toward an infinite future he goes.

FREDERICK A. HINCKLEY.

Mother's Hymn.

Up to me sweet childhood looketh,
Heart and mind and soul awake.
Teach me of thy ways, O Father,
For sweet childhood's sake.

In their young hearts, soft and tender,
Guide my hand good seed to sow,
That its blossoming may praise thee,
Wheresoe'er they go.

Give to me a cheerful spirit,
That my little flock may see
It is good and pleasant service
To be taught of thee.

Father, order all my footsteps,
So direct my daily way,
That, in following me, the children
May not go astray.

Let thy holy counsel lead me;
Let thy light before me shine,
That they may not stumble over
Word or deed of mine.

Draw us hand in hand unto thee,
For thy word's sake, unforgot—
"Let the little ones come to me
And forbid them not." —*From the German.*

A Turtle as a Watchdog.

Stray turtles measuring four or five feet in length do not often wander unmolested through the streets of a thickly populated city. But not long ago a well-known family in Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands, received a visitor of this kind. Nobody knows where the great beast came from; he simply appeared one day at the garden gate, and, forcing an entrance, proceeded to make himself at home on the premises.

He was promptly expelled by the astonished family, to wander once more on the city streets—for they did not know what else to do with him. The turtle had different ideas, however; he had found a comfortable home and meant to stay in it; he had very likely led a life of hardship, and intended to end his days in peace and security, so he returned, but was again turned out upon the cruel world.

The turtle had a will of his own, and was determined to live in that particular spot, so he crawled in again the next time the door was open. The family gave up in despair and allowed the uninvited guest to remain a few days before they turned him out again. But he returned once more. This performance was repeated a number of times; if they shut the gate on him he would rear up on his hind legs and put his fore feet on the top like a great dog.

It was necessary to accept the inevitable. The people to which he wished to attach himself began to feel a certain superstition, and allowed him to take possession of the garden, which he had so long coveted as his abode. There he crawls about in the daytime and sleeps at night, and is given three good meals a day of bran and water and scraps from the table.

He is a perfectly harmless old fellow, and the children have great sport with him, two or three at a time riding on his back. It is only dangerous to place a hand on the side of his neck, for as he contracts his neck quickly within his shell it is likely to be drawn in and injured.

But his funniest characteristic developed after he had been fairly accepted into the family circle. In return for the kindness lavished upon him, he took upon himself the function of a watchdog. The poor beast is not able to bark, but when a stranger enters the gate he gives forth such loud and formidable hisses as to frighten the most courageous until they discover that his hiss is worse than his bite.

It is estimated that this great turtle is very old. While not a rare species, he has grown to an unusual size. His neck is beginning to shrivel and take upon itself the drawn look of extreme age.

It is thought by some that he is the famous turtle that belonged to Kamehameha I. He was the greatest conqueror and king of the Hawaiian Islands, and lived over a hundred years ago. The animal remained for generations in the custody of the royal family, and last belonged to the Queen Dowager, Kapiolani, who died on June 24. Some time before the queen's death the turtle disappeared. But whether this queer old beast, with its almost human intelligence, has such a romantic history or not, it is today one of the most interesting sights of Honolulu, though few visitors know of its existence.—*San Francisco Call.*

Honest Living.

I shall never forget how we felt once, after working for weeks and months with a boy in kindergarten, to heighten his standard of honor and encourage him to live up to it, to find that his mother was going to take him out of kindergarten and enter him in the public school, although he was not old enough, by misrepresenting his age. I suppose it must be called that, for, of course, she would have been horrified at the thought of "lying."

It took all the courage I had to go and remonstrate with her, but I loved the child and the rightness of it enough to lay aside my pride and do it, for that one example at home would have undone all our months of moralizing and preaching and example.

Needless to say the child remained in kindergarten that year, and the next one, too. She "had not thought," although she professed to be a good church member. She was dreaming away in several such immoral lapses, and had not thought of virtue in connection with children under five. Are we doing that? Then let us listen to Paul and remember it is to us he says, "Awake to righteousness and sin not!"

On the other hand, I know of a young man who says he has always been helped to do the honest thing by the remembrance of his mother's action when taking him for a trip with her on the cars.

He had just passed the birthday which excluded him from half-fare, and when the ticket agent inquired his age the mother told it unflinchingly and paid the full fare, although they seemed to have very little money. But the child's admiration of his mother's honesty wedded him to many a kindly act of heroism in after years.

Let us be the officiating clergymen at many such weddings of our children to integrity and honor, for it is this union of mankind to virtue which is that most sacred marriage which God hath joined together and commanded no man to put asunder or disintegrate.—*The Child-Garden.*

UNITY
PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
THE UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY
3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago

$2.00 per annum. In Clubs of ten or more, $1.00 per annum.

EDITORS.
JENKIN LLOYD JONES.
WILLIAM KENT.
ASSISTANT EDITORS.
EDITH LACKERSTEEN. ELLEN T. LEONARD.
FREDERICK W. BURLINGHAM.
EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS.
Hiram W. Thomas. Jane Addams. John W. Chadwick.
Caroline Bartlett Crane. Emil G. Hirsch. E. P. Powell.
Oscar L. Triggs. R. A. White. Joseph Stoltz.
John Faville. Frederick Starr. Granville Ross Pike.
Henry M. Simmons. Frederick E. Dewhurst Joseph H. Crooker.

THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

At Morn.

At morn,
When the song of the stars dies away
And the tremulous, mystical gray
Lifteth up, God again calleth good the whole world.
By the wings of his angels the darkness is hurled
Into nothingness' place;—
Earth is beauty and grace
At morn.

At morn,
With the death of the mutable night,
Dies the doubting, the sinning, the blight
Within men, and God dwelleth with man as of old.
Once again he breathes soft upon men, and behold!
Life is solemn and pure,
Life is good, heaven sure
At morn,
When the world and our souls are new-born.

—*G. P. Nettleton.*

Foreign Notes.

PORTUGAL.—Alarmed by the spread of protestantism in that country the catholic bishops of Portugal have felt that something must be done to check this influence. The bishop of Algarve, on the reopening of the Chambers interpellated the prime minister in regard to the matter. The president of the Council replies that he had already given orders for the strict enforcement of existing laws which punish with imprisonment for from one to two years anything which may be said publicly, written or printed against the state religion. On the 7th of January all the protestant pastors of Lisbon were called to gather by the chief judge of criminal cases and warned to abstain from all propaganda and to confine themselves to preaching the Gospel to their fellow-believers.

The immediate effect of these threats was to draw unusually large audiences to all protestant services during the week of prayer. Whereupon, on January 14, the pastors were again summoned, this time before two inferior magistrates, and ordered to abstain in future from all preaching whatsoever on pain of being arrested at the conclusion of their services. The ministers responded that they were willing to go to prison and should continue to preach the Gospel—without disrespect to the religion of the State—the constitution declaring that no one shall be persecuted on account of religion. The next evening the Portugese meeting which was to have been held in the basement of the Scotch-Presbyterian church was broken up by the police. On the evening of January 21 two police agents, accompanied by two priests, appeared at the Christian Union and scattered those who were present. On the 22d two other meetings: one at the Scotch church and one at the Christian Union were broken up. On the 23d three other protestant meetings, two of which were held privately, were stopped by the police. But on the 24th the protestants were officially notified that hereafter they would be left in peace.

In the meantime these facts had come to the knowledge of the English committee of the Evangelical Alliance, who took advantage of the King of Portugal's visit to England on the occasion of Queen Victoria's funeral to request an audience. King Charles I received the Alliance delegation, headed by Lord Kinnaird, at Buckingham palace. He assured its members that it was his desire to promote perfect religious liberty in his dominion, that he was not aware of the facts in question until they were brought to his attention by the committee, and that he had at once notified the Portuguese authorities not to molest the protestant pastors.

So even in her coffin the good Queen has indirectly aided the cause of liberty and progress.

MADAGASCAR.—In the teachers' examinations held in January in Madagascar the protestants were most successful. While the catholic missions succeeded in passing but 49 candidates, the protestant missions have had 138 accepted, 57 of them from the Paris missions, 46 from the London Society, 22 from the Norwegian missions and 12 from the Friends.—*Le Protestant* (Paris).

SWITZERLAND.—The Swiss theological faculties for this year have 293 students in attendance, of whom 173 are protestants, 114 catholics and 6 christian, or old catholics.

According to the recent census Switzerland has 1,918,197 protestant; 1,383,135 catholics; 12,388 Israelites; 13,453 persons belonging to diverse sects or to none. In this enumeration of the population no distinction is made between Roman catholics and Old catholics. The latter it must be borne in mind are quite numerous in some parts of Switzerland and are much more in sympathy with protestantism than with Roman catholics. M. E. H.

UNITARIAN.—At the Twentieth Century Conference of the Iowa Association of Unitarian and other independent churches held recently in Des Moines, an important step was taken by the raising of an endowment fund of $1,000 to carry on missionary work in Iowa. The amount, while not large in itself, is notable as a beginning, and it is expected to add to it from time to time. Plans were formulated looking towards the establishment of permanent headquarters in Des Moines. The Des Moines church was requested to investigate fully the feasability of establishing such headquarters and report to the October conference of the association. The intention is ultimately to erect a building in this city to cost $50,000.

A plan for the co-operation of the State Conference, the Western Conference and the American Unitarian Association was approved by the executive committee and board of trustees.

The Conference also adopted a memorial, prepared by the president of the association, Rev. A. M. Judy, to the executive board of the national organization, asking that certain relations exist between the local and state organizations, the State Conference, the Western Conference and the American Unitarian Association. The memorial also provides that all money shall pass through the hands of the Iowa conference and no enterprises shall be undertaken except those originated by the Iowa Conference and approvd by the national executive board. The national organization is to contribute no more money to the state work than is raised in the state. Representatives of the American Unitarian Association, Western Conference and the Iawo Conference are to meet annually for their work for each ensuing year. The memorial further sets out the duties of the three organizations, which are clearly defined and will not conflict in any way, or deprive the state association of the right of the initiative in Iowa.

Plans are under way to raise an endowment fund as a nucleus of bequests and other gifts that are expected in the future. For a beginner, $200 has been secured in the form of a pledge conditionally upon its being increased to $1,000. Miss Safford, who is in charge of this work, is confident of success.

It was determined to go on with the summer school at Lake Okoboji and many offers of aid in carrying on that work were made in the meeting yesterday. A committee consisting of G. B. Healy, of Sioux City; J. W. Read, of Ida Grove, and Rev. Elinor Gordon, of Burlington, was appointed to look after the interests of this school.

WESTERN UNITARIAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL SOCIETY.—At the directors' meeting on Feb. 7 the treasurer reported a donation of $10 from the Unitarian Sunday-school at Rochester, N. Y.; also membership contributions of $1 each from Miss Kate T. Norris, Milwaukee; Mrs. H. B. Scott, Burlington; Rev. and Mrs. M. J. Miller, Geneseo; Rev. George Shaw, Ashby, Mass.; Mr. Alvin Joiner, Polo, Ill.; and Mrs. E. W. Frost, Brattleboro, Vt.

The secretary reported that the new edition of the Sunday-school song book known as "Unity Services and Songs," was on the press and would be ready in cloth bound shape by the middle of February. It was decided to leave the price at $4 per dozen.

The secretary suggested the printing in tract form of the paper recently read by Mr. W. W. Speer before the Chicago Union of Liberal Sunday Schools, but this did not meet with approval. The mention of a new Easter card met with more favor and the secretary was asked to present suggestions for one at a later meeting. Mention was made of the coming annual meeting at St. Louis in May, Mr. Effinger, Mrs. Perkins, and Mr. Scheible being appointed a committee on progress for this meeting. ALBERT SCHEIBLE, Secretary.

BULLETIN
MONON TRAINS
On Time
MONON ROUTE
AND
C. H. & D. RWY.
THE DIRECT LINE BETWEEN
CHICAGO,
INDIANAPOLIS,
AND
CINCINNATI.
4 Trains daily
CITY OFFICE 232 CLARK ST.,
CHICAGO.

AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR RAILWAY
CHICAGO
AND
ALTON
PERFECT PASSENGER SERVICE
BETWEEN
CHICAGO AND KANSAS CITY,
CHICAGO AND ST. LOUIS,
CHICAGO AND PEORIA,
ST. LOUIS AND KANSAS CITY.
THROUGH PULLMAN SERVICE
BETWEEN CHICAGO AND
HOT SPRINGS, Ark., DENVER, Colo.,
TEXAS, FLORIDA, UTAH,
CALIFORNIA AND OREGON.
IF YOU ARE CONTEMPLATING A TRIP, ANY PORTION OF WHICH CAN BE MADE OVER THE CHICAGO & ALTON, IT WILL PAY YOU TO WRITE TO THE UNDERSIGNED FOR RATES, MAPS, TIME-TABLES, ETC.
GEO. J. CHARLTON,
GENERAL PASSENGER AGENT,
CHICAGO, ILL.

$30.00 CHICAGO TO CALIFORNIA
PORTLAND, SEATTLE, TACOMA
AND PUGET SOUND. . . . .

Chicago & North-Western Railway on each Tuesday, Feb. 12 to April 30. Shortest time en route. Finest scenery. Daily Tourist Car Excursions. Personally Conducted Semi-weekly. For tickets, illustrated pamphlets and full information apply at ticket offices, 212 Clark street, and Wells Street Station, or address W. B. Kniskern, G. P. & T. A., 22 Fifth avenue, Chicago.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD
ILLINOIS CENTRAL
Runs Two Solid Vestibuled Trains Daily
DIAMOND SPECIAL
NIGHT TRAIN
DAYLIGHT SPECIAL
DAY TRAIN
between Chicago and St. Louis.
Free Reclining Chair Cars, Parlor-Café Cars, Pullman Buffet Open and Compartment Sleeping Cars. See that your ticket between Chicago and St. Louis Reads via Illinois Central Railroad.
It can be obtained of your local ticket agent.
A. H. HANSON, G. P. A., Ill. Cent. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

THE LUXURIOUS
EVERY-DAY TRAIN
TO
California
THE
Overland Limited
Leaves Chicago 6.30 P. M.
VIA
Chicago & North-Western
Union Pacific and
Southern Pacific System
THE BEST OF EVERYTHING
SEND FOR BOOKLET
"CALIFORNIA ILLUSTRATED" TO
461 Broadway, - New York | 435 Vine St., - Cincinnati
601 Ches't St., Philadelphia | 507 Smithf'ld St., Pittsburg
368 Washington St., Boston | 234 Superior St., Cleveland
301 Main St, - - Buffalo | 17 Campus Martius, Detroit
212 Clark St., - Chicago | 2 King St., East, Toronto, Ont.

$50.00 TO CALIFORNIA
AND BACK THIS SUMMER.

AN ILLUSTRATED BOOK, which will be of much interest to all who are expecting to take advantage of the low rates to California this summer at the time of the Epworth League Convention, to be held in San Francisco in July, has just been issued by the CHICAGO & NORTH-WESTERN R'Y. Much valuable information is given relating to the state, variable routes, etc. The rate via this line will be only $50.00 for the round trip from Chicago, with corresponding rates from other points. Copy of this book may be had free upon application to W. B. KNISKERN, 22 Fifth Ave., Chicago, Ill.

OMAHA
SIOUX CITY
THE
ST. PAUL
ROAD
Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry.
SHORT LINE
ELECTRIC-LIGHTED TRAINS
ACROSS THE CONTINENT.
Ticket Office, 95 Adams Street.

YOU WILL REALIZE THAT "THEY LIVE WELL WHO LIVE CLEANLY," IF YOU USE
SAPOLIO